

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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GOOD-BYE, HONEY, I'M GONE.

Words and Music by J. S. Putnam

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Send 10 Cts., in Stamps, and they will send you the Music of this Song.

My wife she is a terror, and her name is Arabella,
And every chance she gets she hits me on the smeller,
I can't stand it any longer, for she puts it on me stronger,
 So good-bye, honey, I'm gone
I know she love me dearly, for every time I meet her,
She taps me on the jaw when I go out to greet her;
I can't stand it any longer, for she yuts it on me stronger,
 So good-bye, honey, I'm gone.

So good-hye, honey, I'm gone,
So good-bye, honey, I'm gone;
Oh, you needn't grieve about me,
For you'll have to do without me,
So good-bye, honey, I'm gone, gone, gone,
So good-bye, honey I'm gone.

I took her to a picnic, and she said I was a daisy,
She said that I must feed her tho' she was a baby.
I can't stand it any longer, for she puts it on me stronger,
 So good-hye, honey, I'm gone.
First she ordered possum, then sweet potato pie,
When she struck pudding, how she made it fly,
I can't stand it any longer, for she puts it ou me stronger,
 So good-bye, honey, I'm gone.

So good-bye, honey, I'm gone,
So good-bye, honey, I'm gone,
Oh, you needn't grieve about me,
For you'll have to do without me,
So good-hye, honey, I'm gone, gone, gone,
So good-bye, honey, I'm gone.
